

The Evening Herald.

Published by
THE EVENING HERALD, INC.
GEORGE S. VALLIANT, Manager
H. B. HENING, Editor

Published every afternoon except Sunday, at 124 North Second Street, Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of March 2, 1879.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of March 2, 1879.

One month by mail or carrier, \$5.00
One week by carrier, \$1.00
One year by mail or carrier, \$45.00
In advance

Telephones:

Business Office, 168
Editorial Rooms, 167

OBEY THE LAW.

OUR friend the St. Vrain Journal calls attention to a matter which should be carefully kept in mind by county commissioners in New Mexico in appointing judges and clerks of election, and registration boards in the coming state election. The law, as the Journal pertinently points out, requires that the county commissioners shall select as members of boards of registration and as judges and clerks of election men from the two dominant parties.

The St. Vrain Journal further points out that the Republican party in New Mexico no longer is one of the dominant parties; that it has taken third place; is next to the Socialist party in point of number of votes cast in the state and therefore is not entitled to representation upon registration boards or boards of election.

This being the case it is the duty of the county commissioners, under the law, to select all election officers from the Democratic and Progressive parties.

This is directly and unequivocally true in the county of Bernalillo. In this county in the last two elections the Republican party has been a nonentity so far as votes cast goes. In the first state election the county was carried in overwhelming majority by the Progressives, under the leadership of such men as Sheriff Jesus Romero, Judge John Baron Burg, and others. In the last election the Progressive party again dominated the local situation, the Democrats ranking second and the Republican party, under the invulnerable leadership of Hon. Eliegar Baca, making a bad third.

It is plain that the county commission, in selecting boards of registration and judges and clerks of election, under the law has no option but to choose those officials, two from the Democratic and one from the Progressive party. Any failure on their part to do so will be punishable under the heavy provisions of the election law; that worthy statute framed by the Republican machine to do its bidding.

It is true that since the last election in this county the "Peace of Old Albuquerque" has been promulgated and Mr. Eliegar Baca's small party, consisting chiefly of Mr. Baca, Charles Chadwick and John W. Wilson, has swallowed Sheriff Jesus Romero's party, consisting of the Sheriff and a considerable following of real votes which he is reputed to carry in his pocket. Such part of the party as it could not swallow it yesterday ditched.

But the facts remain unchanged. So does the law.

It is up to the county commission of Bernalillo county to obey the law. It is up to all law-abiding citizens to see that the law is obeyed or to make a howl therat.

We must have good government.

TWO IMPOSSIBLE CONFLICTS.

ENLIGHTENED Europe, if we can believe the reports given to the Associated Press in all of the great capitals, is on the verge of a war; the governments of all the powers are preparing for "eventualities," steps seem about to be taken which would lead inevitably to what Sir Edward Grey, the English foreign secretary, described yesterday as the most awful catastrophe of modern times.

Without intimate knowledge of the facts and circumstances leading up to the present crisis, the demand of the dual monarchy on Servia seems arbitrary in the extreme. Behind that demand undoubtedly are political masses which to the average American mind are hopelessly bewildering, and which reach out through all of Europe.

It seems, however, an impossible, almost an inconceivable thing that modern Europe; the great Powers, will permit this fearful thing to go forward. Undoubtedly the next forty-eight hours will tell the story. England's same proposal will have been accepted in some form; some other form of compromise will have been reached, or we will be treated, probably, to the most appalling conflict

in the history of the human race.

Until war actually begins the thinking people on this side of the Atlantic will refuse to believe it possible.

Here at home an industrial war is threatening, which to the average intelligence seems almost equally impossible, and nearly as inconceivable. Fifty-five thousand skilled men, engineers and firemen; the highest class of the trained workman, men of brains as well as brawn, are threatening to paralyze the business, the industrial, the social life of the entire west, by the threat to tie up 98 western railroads and 148,000 miles of track. Without an intimate knowledge of the issues, it appears that some of the demands made by the men, at least, are reasonable. Their hesitancy in accepting federal arbitration is not surprising, since it seems clear that at least parts of former agreements reached by such arbitration have not been lived up to by the railroads. Yet that vast army of intelligent men on the one hand, and the highly trained men who manage the railroads on the other hand should permit this conflict to come to open war, when an arbitration is available, seems as impossible of belief as that modern Europe is prepared to take up arms. In this industrial crisis thinking people will refuse to believe actual conflict possible until it actually is under way.

PAY YOUR ROAD TAX.

HAVING in mind the old-time road tax system in this county, under which money collected for road purposes went into the pockets of the road bosses in the various precincts and into other pockets and places where it had no right to go, it is not strange that there remains some reluctance to part with the \$3 road tax which the state law requires every able-bodied male resident of New Mexico to pay.

There are some features of this road tax law which the Herald does not like and which we have criticized in the past. Still similar head-tax laws are in force in many, if not in a majority of the states; the law is the law and it is our duty to pay this \$3 when the collector comes around. We will say further, that since the present county road board took charge much of our objection to the head tax for roads has faded away. In the old days of the political road boss this \$3 was a gift to politics, or to private use; in other words it was a raw graft, and if the same conditions existed now we would frankly advise the men of this county to refuse to pay the tax.

But the old days are gone. We hope they will not return although it is said that one of the aims of the county Republican machine is to secure a return to the old system from the next legislature. We do not believe they will succeed, for the people will not stand such an outrage.

Under the present county road board every dollar collected for road purposes has been spent not only honestly but efficiently. We can see the evidence on every side of this county. It has been good, painstaking, wisely executed work. John Beaven, the chairman of the road board, his colleagues on the board and his road superintendent, Leonardo Hunick, are to be congratulated on the results they have obtained. The people are to be congratulated on those same results. Under this board we know that not only the county levy money but the \$3 we give the road tax collector is going where it should go into road building, and we know that road building is being done as wisely and as economically as it can be done.

Under these conditions we can afford to produce the \$3 for the road tax receipt promptly and cheerfully. It is not kissing it good-bye, as in the past. It is merely handing it over into trustworthy, competent hands for investment where we are sure of direct returns on our money. Therefore pay your road tax.

BETTER WATCH 'EM.

DOWN in Deming, where the boys are all for Hugh Williams, almost regardless of politics, because it is his home town, they are quite confident of his renomination to the corporation commission, and of his re-election.

One of the Deming papers last week announced in its headlines: "Hugh H. Williams is sure of re-election. After making rounds of state Deming's favorite is certain of nomination in convention."

It is all very well to be hopeful; but it's equally as important to be careful. Hugh Williams undoubtedly deserves a re-nomination at the hands of the Republican party. His personal popularity not only secured his own election in the first state election, but it helped many a less popular Republican brother on his rocky way. Hugh was one of the big pullers on the Republican ticket. Since he got into office he has been a hard worker; and if he has been a pretty persistent advertiser, that is

no argument against him. He has been one of the few Republicans in this state prominent in political circles who could afford to do much personal exploiting. We wish Hugh Williams well. But we've warned him before, and we venture to warn him again, that the bosses for whom he has done so much have opened a switch ahead of him and nailed it down, and that he is due to be ditched. These things happen in the Grand Old Party of New Mexico.

SOLOS

by the
Second Fiddle.

WITH a world war in Europe, civil war in Great Britain, industrial war in the west and war among Bernalillo county Republicans, the news editor is constantly running out of words that mean what General Sherman called it.

OUR IDEA of the horrors of war is found in the way the Bernalillo county Republicans mail the dove of peace.

MIGHT ALMOST call it vivisection.

"THE PEACE of Old Albuquerque" poseth understanding.

COL. SELLERS writes about borrowing millions just like we'd discuss a negotiation with a peanut merchant at Second and Central.

THERE'S one public utility, by the by, who thrives in spite of competition with a municipally owned plant.

WE MEAN the peanut merchant; not the COLONEL.

ALL RECORDS for coal production broken in 1913 says the Geological Survey. This is ample reason for another advance in price.

AND IT WILL arrive right on schedule time, brother.

IF HUERTA really got one cent an acre for that Lower California land he's a better business man than most people have thought him.

MR. RAPP is going to appeal from the Schumann-Helms decision. Most men fight when being forcibly separated from the meal ticket.

BOSS ROMERO might have let Mayor Boatright be chairman of his precinct primary. Making the mayor of Albuquerque precinct secretary is not conducive to dignity.

POSSIBLY THE BOSS wanted to be sure any precinct appointments made would stick.

ALBUQUERQUE Republicans with half the votes in the county have one-third of the representation. The Boss system in Bernalillo is more firmly entrenched than ever.

THE BOSS, it is understood, will name three country gentlemen for the legislature; unless he decided to throw in John W. Wilson.

THE POOR, oppressed Republican must stand for more shenanigan. The Boss of Old Town. He must swallow or drown. But I don't see how the hell can.

"WHAT HON" cried the king as he let loose with a ham. "We'll have peace in the Grand Old Party if we have to abolish the blamed thing."

POO'ly; Thank God.

(Montoya, N. M., Republican.) Mrs. W. C. Simpson and children left Wednesday morning for Montoya, N. M., where they will again make their home—Garrison News. It will be remembered that Mr. Simpson was formerly employed in this city, on both the Latkin News and the Chronicle. And that he went to that western climate for the benefit of his health.—Latkin News.

Yes, we were compelled to leave the land of our boyhood—a land of fruit and flowers—a veritable land of milk and honey, on account of our health, and since landing in a country flooded with sunshine and where one can revel in the purest and most delightful climate, we are doing tolerably well, from a standpoint of health thank you, tolerably well. But from a financial standpoint, it is truly a "hard fight and a short stick."

A Summer Boon. A piece of ice is pretty nice. Upon a summer's day. The modest block I keep in stock Helps out in wondrous way.

If lemonade is being made. Or something else to drink. You chip the ice and in a trice Enjoy its merry clink.

A piece of ice may well suffice To cheer men who feel punk. With pride each day I survey My little 5-cent chunk.—Kansas City Journal.

Unsubstantiated Vocabulary.

A bird-dealer had in his shop a turtledove parrot. Day after day it sat silent on its perch, indifferent to every question. At last a Cuban lady came into the shop and spoke to it in her native tongue. The parrot brightened up at once, opened its beak, and emitted a jubilant volley of vehement Spanish words. When the parrot finally ceased speaking, the lady turned to the owner, and blushing violently, asked:

"Do you understand Spanish?"

"No," he replied.

"Thank heaven!" she said, and left the shop.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Purifier. At all drug stores, Price, \$1.00.

ANNE IVES Mascot

By H. M. EGBERT

Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS

(Copyright 1914 by W. G. Chapman)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to let me depart. Especially she insisted that the wearing of her wedding ring would be necessary to my safety in the French capital, of which, not having yet been there, she entertained exaggerated and, I secretly believe, delightful fears. But somehow I eluded her well-meant intentions of detaining me, and eight o'clock found me at Charing Cross station, waiting for the Dover train.

I had ten minutes leeway, and strolled idly up and down the platform, watching with interest the various traveling types. There was a party of Frenchmen on their way home after the coronation who interested me in particular. The faces of more than one seemed half familiar to me, and especially I found myself regarding a tall Englishman, immaculately attired, who, evidently in the guise of interpreter, went busily from one to another, settling difficulties, labeling baggage, and generally smoothing away the little troubles of their journey. Turning suddenly as I was passing, he almost ran into me, stopped dead, and lifted his hat. Then I knew who he was, and who those others were. They were aviators and their friends, and he was the chief steward, with whom I had exchanged words at the aviation meeting the week before when I volunteered to ascend with the Chevalier d'Yves (then unknown to me) in his monoplane.

"My dear madame, why in the world don't your husband call for his prize?" he ejaculated, pulling out his pocket-book. "I've carried it with me ever since, trusting to run across him. And do you know that to this day I haven't learned your name? Ah! that was a

spectacular flight of yours. And clever—deucedly clever!"

"My husband?" I answered, feeling the blood run into my face in the most embarrassing manner. "But didn't you know that he failed to claim the prize of five hundred pounds that he won by his remarkable flight?" he asked. With that he extracted an envelope from his pocket-book, which he handed to me with a formal bow. "With the compliments of the committee," he continued. "And now, if you would enlighten me as to the identity of your delightful husband—"

"But he isn't my husband," I panted, terrified. "My name's Anne Ives, if you want to know, and it's no business of mine who he is, because I never saw him before in my life."

But he absolutely declined to believe me. "Oh, oh, madame," he said, smiling and shaking his finger at me. "It was a deucedly clever scheme to pretend to be strangers to one another. It made your flight look so much more spontaneous. Of course, I shall not press you."

"Won't you please take back this money?" I pleaded. "Indeed, you are under a misapprehension."

"Will not madame keep it and hand it to monsieur, if she should happen to encounter him?" asked the secretary, blandly.

Evidently he refused to believe that I was not the wife of the chevalier—the very man whom I hated more bitterly than I had ever dreamed I could hate anyone. The very mention of the hateful word indicating the relationship in which he thought we stood filled me with loathing. I should have flung the money into his face, but suddenly bells rang, and there was a concerted rush for the train. The guard was already signaling to the engine-driver. I dashed into a compartment just in time; the wheels began to revolve, and I sank down into my seat, still clutching the envelope. I looked inside; there were five bank notes; of the value of one hundred pounds apiece. I thrust them into my handbag.

Estelle had packed my suitcase for me, and when I opened it, a little later, what do you suppose I found on top of everything? Nothing else than that horrid little Mr. Spratt's

book on the "Czar Napoleon," which he had so eloquently presented to me at the moment of my departure from Winnipeg. Poor little Mr. Spratt! The sight of it recalled to my mind vividly Mary Jenner, my best friend, and the life which now seemed so infinitely far away. And it was only two weeks before that I had been teaching a class of overgrown boys and girls the principles of arithmetic! If they knew of my subsequent adventures! I smiled, and then I felt the moisture in my eyes. I thrust the envelope containing the money into the cover of Mr. Spratt's book and gave myself up to somewhat painful meditation until I reached Dover.

The night passage was calm and I slept well until awakened at Calais, where we re-trained for Paris, reaching there at an unearthly hour in the morning. Through the kindness of an old gentleman aboard the train—you know those old gentlemen who are bubbling over with altruism toward the stranger—I eventually found a room by the sleepy night clerk and tumbled into bed without even troubling to undress. When I awoke it was past twelve o'clock, and the noise and stir of the great city was in full swing beneath my windows.

I couldn't bring myself to the performance of my mission for a couple of days. I inspected the cathedral, the Louvre, the shops; I reveled in my surroundings. Indeed, the fascination of the French capital so overwhelmed me that I doubt whether I should ever have brought myself to carry out my purpose of visiting the banker but for a serious incident which suddenly recalled me to a sense of duty.

I was in the Louvre for the third or fourth time, reveling in the beauty of the sculpture there. I had paused before a statue of Praxiteles, an exquisite piece of work depicting the ideal of beauty, the Greek Hermes. I fell into a train of speculation. Were the modern Greeks, I thought, of the same physical type? I mused; I had even seen a Greek? There must be Greeks in Winnipeg, but . . . And suddenly I felt a pair of eyes regarding me from across the gallery. I looked up with a start, to see a man in a slouch hat, attired like a guide, and yet evidently not one, since he lacked the official badge, regarding me with intense penetration.

It was the Greek Zeuxis, the hanger-on of villainous scoundrelly Leopold Magnif!

Was it? Was not I, rather, the victim of an overweighed imagination? As I stared at him in consternation he moved with stealthy, gliding steps into another chamber. When I had recovered my self-possession and followed him, he was nowhere to be seen.

The shock of this incident recalled me to the duty that lay before me. If indeed I were under espionage, it was my task to obtain my bonds with the least possible delay. I should never feel satisfied until I had disposed of them and taken the train and boat back to England. For the first time I regretted Estelle's absence. My loneliness was appalling; I felt as though some dark, ominous cloud of danger hung over me.

Early the next morning I sought admission to Leopold Magnif, senior, in his banking house upon the avenue. I had anticipated some difficulty in seeing him, but for some reason or other I was admitted almost immediately to the inner room in which he sat alone, surrounded by ledgers and account books. He was evidently toiling as industriously as any of his assistants, for he looked up, nodded the barest greeting, and went on writing.

Five minutes later he put down his pen.

"My husband?" I answered, feeling the blood run into my face in the most embarrassing manner.

"But didn't you know that he failed to claim the prize of five hundred pounds that he won by his remarkable flight?" he asked. With that he extracted an envelope from his pocket-book, which he handed to me with a formal bow. "With the compliments of the committee," he continued. "And now, if you would enlighten me as to the identity of your delightful husband—"

"But he isn't my husband," I panted, terrified. "My name's Anne Ives, if you want to know, and it's no business of mine who he is, because I never saw him before in my life."

Colonel Sellers on Municipal Progress; And Other Things

Editor Evening Herald: San Diego is the foggy sea is quite a contrast to New Mexico's mile high sunshine but for a continuous performance, I believe the sunshine and altitude are preferable.

San Diego is growing fast, thanks to the energy and nerve of its citizens, but with the same system, Albuquerque could give them cards and spades and in a few short years make them look like precinct 13 in comparison.

San Diego at present has about 42,000 population, about double that of Albuquerque, but they think nothing of bonding the city—\$2,000,000 for street paving and improvements, \$1,000,000 for park purposes, \$4,000,000 for perfecting a municipal water plant and \$2,000,000 for promoting an exposition or fair. No one complains of taxes; they are all to optimistic, in fact taxes cut no ice. My virtue of these public expenditures, assessment valuations and property values increase so fast that no one ever figures the small item of increased taxes—it's merely a business proposition—a sure thing gamble, and Albuquerque has the same opportunity and then some, and just as soon as the citizens of Albuquerque, and in fact the whole good state of New Mexico, get the system of progressive expenditures, but economy in official salaries, then will they also enjoy prosperity by leaps and bounds and more fortunes will be made in New Mexico real estate than the most optimistic ever dreamed of, as the present prices would permit of re-investment many, many times before ever reaching the California figures. Dollars would circulate where we now see nickles and everybody would be too busy to worry about the other fellow, so long as he did not interfere with his rights.

What Albuquerque seriously needs is paved roads to the county line towards Bernalillo, Belen, and Estancia valley that would permit the use of auto trucks, a free public market, new owners hip for the electric car line and the building of an extension as well as sidewalk to the university and mess, a municipal water plant, a greater commercial club and automobile association membership, and a progressive municipal policy and thousands of new owners will quickly do the rest.

New Mexico has the climate, the soil, the water, the mines and the right kind of people, only it is not generally known abroad or appreciated at home. But it is not too late to begin and the best time is right now. I found the Arizona towns quite thriving, especially Phoenix, Prescott and Kingman, and a sentiment almost unanimous for the \$5,000,000 state road bonds to be voted upon in November.

The southern California towns are all pleasing to the eye, although some of them have adopted the penny bonds, which is the result of many penny people and always results in a "nice quiet town" as you can't make much noise with a penny. I firmly believe Albuquerque, and for that matter, the entire state of New Mexico can be made to attract more investment during the year 1915 than

any other year.

Yours truly, COLONEL SELLERS

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

Colonel Sellers on Municipal Progress; And Other Things

Editor Evening Herald:

San Diego is the foggy sea is quite a contrast to New Mexico's mile high sunshine but for a continuous performance, I believe the sunshine and altitude are preferable.

San Diego is growing fast, thanks to the energy and nerve of its citizens, but with the same system, Albuquerque could give them cards and spades and in a few short years make them look like precinct 13 in comparison.

San Diego at present has about 42,000 population, about double that of Albuquerque, but they think nothing of bonding the city—\$2,000,000 for street paving and improvements, \$1,000,000 for park purposes, \$4,000,000 for perfecting a municipal water plant and \$2,000,000 for promoting an exposition or fair. No one complains of taxes; they are all to optimistic, in fact taxes cut no ice. My virtue of these public expenditures, assessment valuations and property values increase so fast that no one ever figures the small item of increased taxes—it's merely a business proposition—a sure thing gamble, and Albuquerque has the same opportunity and then some, and just as soon as the citizens of Albuquerque, and in fact the whole good state of New Mexico, get the system of progressive expenditures, but economy in official salaries, then will they also enjoy prosperity by leaps and bounds and more fortunes will be made in New Mexico real estate than the most optimistic ever dreamed of, as the present prices would permit of re-investment many, many times before ever reaching the California figures. Dollars would circulate where we now see nickles and everybody would be too busy to worry about the other fellow, so long as he did not interfere with his rights.

What Albuquerque seriously needs is paved roads to the county line towards Bernalillo, Belen, and Estancia valley that would permit the use of auto trucks, a free public market, new owners hip for the electric car line and the building of an extension as well as sidewalk to the university and mess, a municipal water plant, a greater commercial club and automobile association membership, and a progressive municipal policy and thousands of new owners will quickly do the rest.

New Mexico has the climate, the soil, the water, the mines and the right kind of people, only it is not generally known abroad or appreciated at home. But it is not too late to begin and the best time is right now. I found the Arizona towns quite thriving, especially Phoenix, Prescott and Kingman, and a sentiment almost unanimous for the \$5,000,000 state road bonds to be voted upon in November.

The southern California towns are all pleasing to the eye, although some of them have adopted the penny bonds, which is the result of many penny people and always results in a "nice quiet town" as you can't make much noise with a penny. I firmly believe Albuquerque, and for that matter, the entire state of New Mexico can be made to attract more investment during the year 1915 than

any other year.

Yours truly, COLONEL SELLERS

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

San Diego, Cal.

the exposition cities and state of California, if we get down to real business, follow the example of Dona Anna county in selecting men like Francis E. Lester, irrespective of politics, to represent them in the state legislature; less laws and more common sense and New Mexico and every community within would soon come into its own.

Here's hoping.
D. K. B. SELLERS,
San Diego, July 23, 1914.

Republican Harmony In Quay County

(Quay County Press.)

The Republicans held a primary at the court house last night. There is said to have been about 25 present. Attorney H. L. Root was chosen chairman and Attorney H. H. McIlroy, secretary. There was no resolutions, no instructions and no oratory. When it came to the choosing of five delegates to the county convention to be held July 29, there was a hushed stillness throughout the hall. It is said that the commands from one of the big "guns," "Levenson," muchacho or "Sientense," muchacho," prevailed. The delegates chosen were: J. C. Barnes, A. R. Carter, H. L. Root, N. V. Gallegos and Frank Gutierrez. Messrs. Barnes and Carter will, no doubt, support Hugh Williams for corporation commissioner and the other three delegates will be for Mr. Gallegos. The Williams men are at a loss to understand why there were no more of his supporters in attendance. Mr. Williams was here several days this week and it was thought that he had matters so arranged that a full delegation for him would be selected.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,
The heathen 'Chinee ain't in it."

Which are the Leading Parties?

(St. Vrain Journal.)

The laws of New Mexico require the county commissioners, at all elections to appoint as judges and clerks of elections men from the predominant parties. From the returns of the last general election the Republican party is in the same class as the Socialist party, and all judges and clerks of election boards will and must be filled by Democrats and Progressives. The vote cast in New Mexico was by a large majority progressive, and in Curry county was two to one over the stand patters.

Will all county commissioners follow the law and fill all clerks and judges' offices with Democrats and Progressives, or will they violate the law and stand pat on the election board?